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jacús, found one, and shot at it. The *jacú* flew at him with its claws extended and severely scratched him. He shot at it again. It flew back and clawed at his eyes. Then he heard a voice, saying "You know you must not hunt on Fridays." It was the *caipora*. The man staggered home, and fell senseless in the door of his house. I knew this man well.

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The *biatáid* is said to be a woman who inhabits the sea, appearing above water only at night, gradually increasing in size until she assumes an enormous shape, and "casting a huge and frightening shadow."

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[177]

Fear of the toad, probably also a survival of Indian belief, is common.[39] If a toad happens to hop into the door of a house, the occupant will immediately grab a broom and sweep it out, repeating over and over, "Creio em Deus Padre."[40] If a malicious person paints a toad on the wall of a dwelling, its occupants will at once desert the place.

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The following account reveals in an intimate way the mental world of a considerable portion of the Bahian lower class. It was related by a young Negro woman in the form of a series of personal experiences and is presented here in as nearly as possible the exact phrasing in which it was originally given.

I was three years old. I was sitting with my mother when something hit me, and I fell over unconscious. She picked me up and took me to a doctor. He gave me medicine and said that it was congestion. Some thought it was the *ar do vento*.

I knew nothing of what was going on; it was as if I were dead. To

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[39] "Montoya says ('Manuscripto guarani da Bibliotheca Nacional do Rio de Janeiro sobre a primitiva catechese dos Indios das Missões,' *Annaes da Bibliotheca National*, Vol. VI) that among Indians observed by him, the entrance of a toad into a gathering of people was a sign of the approaching death of one of those present" (Gilberto Freyre, *Casa grande e senzala* [2d ed.; Rio, 1936], p. 99).

[40] "I believe in God, the Father."

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help me get better, they took me up off the ground.[42] Then my mother called in Mamédê [the local *pae de santo*], to see what was the matter with me. He came, *abriu a mesa*[43] and said that this had been with me from my birth. My mother then asked him if he could cure it. He said he could. He made her buy plates, *moringues*,[44] beads, cups, coconuts, etc. Then he prepared all that.[45] They washed my head with water from the sacred leaves. My mother asked if he could take that thing away so that it would not come back again. He said he would not dare to do that, or I would die. He said it always came back.

When it returned, they washed my head again. I did not know what was going on. It was as if I had slept. When I awakened, I was all "prepared": dressed *de creola* with a *saia grande* and a *torso* on my head. Everything red. *Sandalias* too. Everything the same color.

When this happened I was still small. The *pae de santo* said that I was under a spell [*era encanto*]. He "did the work" once more, and I was all right again. But when I was seven years old, it took hold of me once more. My mother was afraid and begged the *pae de santo* to do something about it. She pleaded so earnestly that finally he said he would speak with the enchantment [*encanto*] so that it would not come down any more.

It didn't come back until I was fifteen years old. Then they arranged another dress *de creola*, and also handkerchiefs, strings of beads, bracelets, and *sandalias*. They ordered plates, small glasses, and *quartinhas* bought. When all this was ready, the *pae de santo* washed my head in sacred water. He said it was the "owner of my head" [*dono da minha cabeça*] who had done that to me. There in Cachoeira, across the river from São Felix,[46] is the *casa de Gêge*.[47] The *pae de santo* is the grandson of an African.

[42] That is, she was removed from the reed mat which, placed directly upon the floor of a hut, is extensively used among the poorer families for sleeping purposes.

[43] That is, he set up certain means of divination.

[44] Water pots made of red clay.

[45] That is, he submitted it to the proper ritual.

[46] Cachoeira and São Felix are twin cities, separated by the Paraguassú River, located across the Bay to the north of the city of Bahia.

[47] The *candomblé* of the Gêge cult in which she had now been inducted.

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When I was sixteen years old I went across the river to live in São Felix. There was a man there who was crazy. We asked what was the matter with him, and they said that he had seven Exú's[47] in his body. They had given him a cigar and when he began to smoke, he became wild. He was nearly insane. He did not want to hear the word of God. When they talked of going to Mass, he wanted to run away. They took him and tied him up. He stayed this way two whole weeks. Once in a while his relatives came to see him. Finally, they decided to take him to a *candomblé*. They untied him and he went. For a long time he remained there and kept on acting the same way. Then the head of the *candomblé* took a hand in the matter. He ordered them to get black cloth, candles, *azeite de dendê*, incense, and several other things which he needed. After he had finished, he gave the man a bath to clean him up. When twelve o'clock came, he stretched him out in the middle of the floor. And there he lay all sprawled out. We saw a black Negro with red lips sitting on his knee. He was about this high [indicating approximately two and one-half feet], and as black as coal. His lips were as red as the lid of that can [indicating a *malle* container with bright red cover]. He had large ears that stuck out like this [indicating about a twelve-inch spread]. He was horrible. His horns were this long [indicating about six inches]. And his tail, about a meter. His eyes were big, like this [indicating an oval three inches in diameter]. They were the size of "three children."[48] His tongue looked like a snake's; it was really four separate tongues. And he was sitting there on the man's knee. We were all afraid. We wanted to run; but we dared not. He didn't stay long. Only about ten minutes. He left the man's knee and disappeared into the body of the man who had bought and brought the "things." The *pae de santo* filled up a basin, and Exú took himself away. We did not see him disappear. Ten minutes later the man got up, feeling better. He had been sitting there crying hard. They shaved off his hair, washed his head and painted it with a pencil, white, blue, pink, and lavender. Then they

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[47] Exú (pronounced "Ā-shu") is an African deity who is often, although not always, thought of as possessing an evil nature. See chap. x.

[48] This expression was explained in the following manner: "A person looking into an ordinary eye sees the image of one child; in Exú's eyes the image was three times as big."

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put many beads of O Senhor do Bomfim on him, and a *figa;* they covered him with ornaments.

The *figa* is to free one from the evil eye. For example: I have a dress. You think it is pretty, and you want it very much; something then happens to it. Or a *sabiá*[10] sings beautifully. You are visiting its owner; you want it, you want it very badly. You leave, and it dies or something else happens to it because you cannot have it. This is the evil eye. One needs to "pray it away" with *Guiné, Arruda,* or *Vassourinha Doce.* An oxhorn in the garden will keep it away from plants.

Then the man went around with hands folded, "taking the blessing" from everyone there. Seven children went out with lighted candles. Then he got up entirely well. Today he has a *casa de candomblé.* He is now very old. His *orixá* is Ogum de Gêge. The *pao de santo* who treated him is of Ogum de Mina.

My guardian angel [*anjo de guarda*] is Xangô. Ogum is a soldier, Xangô is of the thunder and also of the lightning. He is Santa Barbara of the Irmandade. All the *orixás* are equal. But Oxalá directs everything. Nanan is his wife. In the Gêge language she is called Odé.

My sister, she died, burned up. She caught all on fire. He who killed her is Oxóssi; it was he who killed her. My sister is buried in the Quinta dos Lazaros.[10] She burned to death because she disobeyed him. He sent a message and she paid no attention to it. Her husband had a *saveiro.*[11] Every trip which he made she went along in the boat. She had no children. Everywhere he went, she went too. When, one time, the *orixá* "arrived" and told her that she should not travel on the water, she didn't take his words very seriously; she laughed the matter off, "gave it a *muxóxó.*" But about a week afterward, she went with her husband in a *saveiro* across the Bay to Bahia. Between Itaparica and Salinas the *saveiro* caught afire. It had powder on it and the powder exploded. Parts of the *saveiro* were ripped off and hurled into the water. She was surrounded by fire. When they finally reached her, she was badly burned. They brought her to the Santa Isabel Hospital,

[10] A Brazilian bird which can be trained to sing tunes.

[10] A Bahian cemetery.

[11] A sturdy sailboat used on Todos os Santos Bay and its contributory rivers to transport light articles of commerce.